

Extraordinary 231

[Chapter 231](#)

A certain guy's expression changed so fast that even the naked eye could detect it.

Ashlyn never noticed anything wrong with Lucas, though.

She continued cleaning up, then walked into the kitchen to do the dishes.

It was already late at night when she was finally done.

She sighed and grabbed her bag before informing, "I'm going home."

Lucas stared like a leopard honing in on his prey. His sharp gaze locked in on her lazily as he suggested, "It's late, so you should stay."

"Lucas, we're divorced," reminded Ashlyn exasperatedly.

"The house is too big, and I'm scared of staying here alone because it's dark. I'm not used to the darkness," said the man, who decided to act weak the whole way through.

Lucas rarely lied, and he wasn't used to lowering his stance or acting weak.

As such, he didn't notice that his ears were slowly but surely turning red as he spoke.

Under the light, he looked ridiculously seductive, and his handsome face only made him more desirable.

Ashlyn was speechless.

She finally learned that some people were simply shameless and didn't have any limits as to how low they would go.

Lucas Nolan, the president of Nolan group, and the captain of his crew.

That was the man who could get the powerful figures of Lake City to shiver simply by stomping his foot... Isn't it a little ridiculous for him to say something so immature?

Ashlyn felt goosebumps all over herself.

Lucas had his eyes slightly down. Perhaps it was because he was lying and felt guilty, but he didn't look Ashlyn in her eyes.

After a while, Lucas realized that Ashlyn never replied. He tilted his eyes up to sneak a peek and realized... that the door was open with the icy wind blowing in!

The lady had left.

How did she leave without making any noises or alerting me? F*ck!

Lucas stood up angrily.

That woman abandoned me and fled! I even lowered my stance and threw my arrogance away to ask her to stay. Did she even notice any of that?

Lucas was utterly irritated because that was the first time he ever spoke so softly and sweetly to a woman, but she had ignored him.

F*ck!

Annoyance kept bubbling out of Lucas' heart and attacked him.

He acted like a lunatic as he grabbed the keys to his private helicopter and dashed out of the place.

*

The night was ridiculously dark.

A private helicopter zipped through the night.

As Lucas flew the plane, he called his employees who worked at the airline.

"Yes, Mr. Nolan, the path is clear, and we have purchased the exclusive right to fly from Whitland Villa to Bayview Villa. Yes, sir, you are the only one who can use that route, and you can use it whenever you want. You no longer need to send in a request or an application," said the employee at South Star Airlines immediately.

What kind of idiot would buy the exclusive right to fly within such a short distance? I'm guessing only rich CEOs would understand. Wait, doesn't Jared Quickton of the Centennial Healthcare live in Bayview Villa? Mr. Nolan and Mr. Quickton aren't gay lovers, are they? Holy sh*t!

Lucas' subordinate couldn't help but tremble.

There's nothing wrong with being gay, and they're both handsome and rich, but isn't that a little...? I mean, doesn't Mr. Nolan have a wife who has never made a public appearance before? Maybe he only married the woman to hide his true sexuality? Mr. Quickton's rumored girlfriend is probably just a ruse too. Man, it must be tough being a powerful CEO who has an uptight reputation to keep. Poor gays.

*

When Ashlyn got back to the Bayview Villa, she thought about how she had a lot of things to do on the next day. She decided to go to bed early.

She walked into her room and showered.

After that, she grabbed a towel and rubbed her wet, dark hair.

She was about to start blow-drying it when the door to her bedroom was suddenly opened.

Lucas' domineering aura flushed out as he stood by the door.

He had one hand on the doorknob, and his beautiful eyes glared evilly at the woman under the bright light.

She only had a towel wrapped around her beautiful figure while water droplets naughtily dropped down from her hair.

[Chapter 232](#)

Water reflected the light off her beautiful shoulders, and she looked absolutely delicious.

That was especially true for her lean arm that seemed to be exuding a seductive glow.

Lucas wasn't expecting to see a view that amazing when he opened the door.

His gaze glowed with lust while his lips curved up into a devilish grin. "Ashlyn Berry, you really are something."

She had to make me chase after her, huh?

Ashlyn calmly shifted her gaze to him before she continued blow-drying her hair. "Lucas, what do you want? You realize that you are breaking and entering, right?"

A few burly men rushed up the stairs at that moment.

When Lucas heard those footsteps, he slammed the door shut while his eyes glowed with a possessive glint.

Anyone who dared to see my woman's naked figure would have their eyes clawed out!

When Lucas slammed the door, he hit the nose of the head of the security guard.

The security guard rubbed his nose as he shouted, "Ms. Berry, how are you? Are you okay? A man came in a private helicopter and injured a few of our men. He is a skilled fighter, and we are no match against

him!”

Ashlyn scanned Lucas from head to toe before she shouted to her subordinates, “It’s just my ex. You and the boys can leave.”

“Understood, Ms. Berry.”

“All is well as long as you are fine.”

The burly men left after they were sure that Ashlyn was safe.

As they walked away, they gossiped, “Who would’ve thought that the boss’ ex is that good-looking?”

“And he can really throw a punch too! We can’t stop even though we went at him together.”

“Yeah! He’s handsome, a skilled fighter, and I heard that he is the president of a powerful company. Why did they get divorced?”

“Alright, come on. When did you lot become such gossips? Boss knows how to deal with her own issues, and remember, that man is nothing but an ex. He is not the real deal. We won’t hurt the man our boss officially introduces us as her man, but that ex is old news, so next time, we will attack as we do other intruders. Understand?”

“Understood! We should call a few more men over and kick the crap out of him.”

“If he dares to hurt our boss again, we will crush his freaking head!”

Lucas didn’t know that he had been marked and blacklisted by Ashlyn’s subordinates, and he didn’t know that they had decided to beat him up the next time.

At that moment in the room.

Lucas walked towards Ashlyn. His tall and muscular figure inspired fear as his eyes tilted down. He hovered over the beautiful lady in front of him.

Jared’s subordinates are pretty loyal to her. They even barricaded the door to try to stop me.

Ashlyn was somewhat surprised. She had trained all of her subordinates personally, and every single one of them were skilled fighters.

It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to call them the best of the best.

Yet Lucas can beat them even when they go after him altogether? And he even knocked them out?

Ashlyn had always known that Lucas was a powerful fighter, but she never realized that he was that strong.

Just how powerful is this man?

Ashlyn thought that she knew that ex of hers well, but the truth seemed to be that they were both hiding things from each other and pretending the entire time.

"I'm tired," said Lucas before he turned around and sat on Ashlyn's soft bed. He could smell her unique scent exuding from her pillow.

He took a deep breath before he laid down shamelessly and closed his eyes.

Yes, this is what I've been missing. This peace and serenity.

All of Lucas' anxieties, worries, and irritation faded out, and all that was left within him was tranquility.

Lucas felt as if he had been in a swirling storm the entire time, but the waves suddenly left without a trace. Not even a ripple was in sight.

It was as if all those negative emotions never existed in the first place.

Not even heaven could understand the kind of insanity he felt when he tilted his head up earlier and saw that Ashlyn had left.

A single thought kept running in his mind. Get her back! I have to get her back.

"Why the hell did you come to my place?" protested Ashlyn angrily and exasperatedly.

She got her hairdryer and turned around furiously.

However...

Is Lucas asleep? That man laid on my bed with his shoes and clothes on, and just slept? ... There seems to be dark bags under his eyes, though. He must be exhausted.

[Chapter 233](#)

Has he not been sleeping well?

Ashlyn frowned.

After that, she gripped her hairdryer a little before she went to the other room to blow dry it.

When she was done drying her hair, she returned and saw that the man looked like he was sleeping

soundly.

Ashlyn planned on going to bed early because she had an early morning the next day.

However, Lucas had taken over her bed, and she honestly didn't want to be involved with that man anymore.

She put her hairdryer aside and shifted her gaze to the man on the bed. She was about to cover the guy up with a blanket when Lucas suddenly opened his eyes and glared at her.

Ashlyn's wrist was gripped at the very next second. "You're done drying your hair?" asked Lucas in a sexy, deep voice while his eyes remained bloodshot.

"Let me go," demanded Ashlyn through gritted teeth.

Her beautiful face had turned red from anger.

"Are you blushing? You're not shy, are you?" asked Lucas as his throat went dry. His handsome face shone with shards of lust.

The room was filled with Ashlyn's scent, and he loved it.

A room like that, with Ashlyn's scent in it, was better and more calming than all the lavenders in the world.

Lucas extended his other arm and pulled her into his embrace.

After that, the man turned to his side and immediately hugged Ashlyn tightly.

Ashlyn was, in effect, forced to be the man's hug pillow.

She glared at the ridiculously handsome man and was a little annoyed.

"Lucas Nolan!"

Lucas shushed and put his fingers on her lips, which were as soft as rose petals.

"What on earth do you want?" growled Ashlyn evilly.

The response she got was the silence in the room.

All she could hear was the man's strong heart beating like a drum, and his even breathing echoing.

He fell asleep again? Within those few seconds? That's crazy!

Ashlyn twisted and turned in Lucas' arms and shifted her position to turn to him.

That was when she saw an incredibly handsome face that could move heaven and earth.

Under the dim light, Lucas' long eyelashes curved slightly upwards. His stunningly dark eyes were closed at that moment, but his cute nose and sexy lips were in plain sight.

He had a little beard on his chin, and that made him look a little... crude?

Ashlyn pictured Lucas as a crude man, and she couldn't help but grin at that funny image.

Her beautiful eyes narrowed as she tried to break free of the man's hold on her, but he had locked her in tightly.

To make matters worse, the man was ridiculously strong, so she couldn't get away.

Ashlyn was utterly speechless.

I wouldn't have believed that the guy hasn't been sleeping well if he didn't just fall asleep in a matter of seconds. Still, did the guy purposely force himself awake over the past few days? Or is there an actual valid reason he hasn't been sleeping soundly? Something feels off about this...

Before Ashlyn knew it, she turned groggy and was asleep as well.

Ashlyn was already asleep when the Spirogyra in her body shuffled its chubby figure and sniffed around using its tiny nose.

It detected its favorite scent, so it opened its eyes slowly and spread its tiny wings.

It fidgeted around the woman's body for a while, but it stopped soon after and settled down.

It then curled up once more and napped again.

It just so happened that it was napping at the spot where Lucas and Ashlyn were holding each other close. Their hearts were pressed together with only their skin and clothes keeping the two organs apart.

The chubby Spirogyra laid in the position that made it look like cupid's invincible arrow had penetrated both hearts, and the Spirogyra was the arrowhead.

The night dwelled on, and the sky somehow seemed lovelier.

Lucas opened his eyes slowly and stared at the woman in his arms.

Her breathing was even, and that got Lucas to grin.

Her skin was soft, and her facial features were on point, so when she was sleeping like that, she looked like an innocent baby.

Her guard was turned off completely, and she looked so helpless that it discouraged anyone from disrupting her sleep.

Lucas felt much more energetic after his nap, but the serenity he felt made him feel too comfortable to move.

[Chapter 234](#)

Lucas felt contented just by looking at her face and encircling her in his arms.

His empty heart was filled to the brim with happiness in an instant.

Before this, he always had the feeling that something was missing; but now, he felt complete as if the missing piece were finally back into place.

He fixed his gaze on Ashlyn's sleeping face and couldn't help giving her a light peck on the forehead.

Pulling her closer in his arms, he eventually fell back asleep.

The other day, Ashlyn woke up to find that the sky was bright outside the window.

She quickly got up, frowning slightly after taking a look at her phone; it was already past nine o'clock.

Probably Lucas had turned off her alarm before he left, so that was why she woke up late.

She would wake up feeling grumpy if she failed to have a good night's sleep the last night.

Being an attentive man, Lucas was well aware of that, and he had his own way of dealing with her morning grumpiness.

He was definitely good husband material, but sadly, they had no feelings for each other.

Ashlyn finished her morning routine and headed downstairs.

Today, she had promised Mr. Field that she would go to the concert hall.

As she reached the corner of the staircase, she was astonished at the sight of the living room.

What's going on?

The whole living room was carpeted with flowers.

There were a total of nine hundred and ninety-nine red roses in the middle of the living room, forming the word 'Ashlyn'.

Light blue baby's breaths had overspread the outer region, which further accentuated the delicate and blossoming red roses.

The fragrance of the roses permeated the entire house.

Countless balloons of different colors were floating in the air; each of the balloons had a ribbon attached with them that contained a message written on it.

"Good morning, honey!"

"I wish you all the happiness in the world."

Most of them were common blessings.

I didn't know Lucas is such a romantic person...

All he ever does is buy me pieces of fine jewelry and designer handbags... Today, he is different from his usual self. What's with the drastic change of attitude?

Ashlyn was surprised, and a swell of emotions surged in her heart.

It would be every woman's dream to wake up to find herself surrounded by a sea of flowers and balloons; no woman could say no to this fairy-tale romance.

The feelings of affection arose in her heart, but it dissipated like a bubble popped at the touch of the finger the moment she caught glimpse of a message on one of the ribbons, which wrote Honey, I want to eat beef stew.

The romantic vibe was blown away in an instant.

She caught sight of the messages on other ribbons. "Honey, I miss your apple pie."

"I love vanilla ice cream milkshake, especially on a hot summer day."

"I like duck confit the best."

...

She doubted that he was not romancing her but was trying to order dishes instead.

Ashlyn grabbed hold of the balloons floating before her and hurled them onto the floor, stomping on them in an attempt to pop them.

Ugh! My ex-husband is an idiot!

She glared at her subordinates and ordered fiercely, “Throw them out! The flowers! The balloons! All of them!”

“Wait!” The next second, she changed her mind and gave a new order, “Throw them at the entrance of South Star Airlines!”

“Um... Yes, Ms. Berry.” Her subordinates, which were all burly men, complied and started with the clean-up.

At the South Star Airlines headquarters, people were streaming in and out of the building.

Suddenly, a few black and flashy luxury cars pulled up in front of the building.

A few burly men, each of them holding numerous fresh roses in their arms, got out of the cars and started decorating at the entrance.

After that, they carried countless baby’s breaths out of the car, laying them around the roses.

The passersby were rubbernecking as they thought someone was going to propose or confess to one of the many beautiful workers from South Star Airlines.

When they got closer, they noticed that there were bouquets of balloons floating mid-air just above where the roses laid; each balloon had a long silky ribbon attached to them.

The scene was picturesque; the crowd could sense romance in the air.

However, everyone gaped when they saw the words written on the ribbons.

[Chapter 235](#)

It wrote, Lucas Nolan, I don’t care if you are craving for beef stew, vanilla ice-cream milkshake, or apple pie! Please turn left! You’ll find delicious cuisines eight kilometers away! Reservation Hotline: 1 XXX-XXX-XXXX.

Everyone was scratching their heads in confusion. What is going on?

It seems like this is not a confession...

"Maybe these are Mr. Nolan's favorite food?"

"I never expect Mr. Nolan to fancy these homely meals."

"I was thinking the same... I thought Mr. Nolan would prefer dishes made from expensive air-freighted ingredients like Boston lobster, France steak, or some of the most famous red wines..."

"Mr. Nolan's taste is nothing different from us!"

"I love vanilla ice cream milkshake as well, and I too especially enjoy it during the summer days!"

"That's right! Mr. Nolan and I have similar tastes when it comes to food. Apple pie is my favorite!"

"Mr. Nolan is so down to earth!"

A heated discussion over Lucas's taste and preference for food erupted in the crowd.

South Star Airlines had always been a place full of beautiful and handsome flight attendants, and later became one of the most Instagram-able spots in the city.

A social media influencer, whose name was called Mini Pig, had recorded a video on the spot and posted it on TikTok.

Although she was not a mega influencer, the video surged in popularity because of its intriguing thumbnail which said: #Do you think the 999 roses are used for a confession? You're wrong! They are used to order dishes!

She even wrote down the two sentences: 'lease turn left! You'll find delicious cuisines eight kilometers away!

This was set as a still frame that lasted for about two minutes before the video faded into black so that the fans could read the words clearly.

The video was being shared on various social media platforms by the netizens; they were all amused by the two sentences.

"Is this some kind of hard sell marketing strategy of a restaurant? This restaurant is definitely a badass!"

"I think this is some restaurant's marketing strategy. By the way, does anyone know what is the restaurant located eight kilometers away?"

"I think it is Imperial Hotel!"

“Maybe Imperial Hotel has joined hands with South Star Airlines to come up with this publicity stunt?”

“They even mentioned Mr. Nolan’s full name! What the hell is going on?”

“I think this is not a publicity stunt. If it really is a stunt, the publicity department and the strategic-planning department won’t dare to mention Mr. Nolan’s full name!”

“This video is priceless! I’m going to share it!”

“I think those two sentences are a retort directed at Mr. Nolan... I have the feeling that I’ve found the truth!”

“I was thinking the same as well... It seems to me that someone was retorting Mr. Nolan!”

When the netizens shared the video, they also tagged it with other posts for cross-referencing.

#999 Roses Used To Retort Mr. Nolan

#Goodness! You Can’t Retort Someone Without 999 Roses

#Have You Bought Roses Today?

#Turn Left! Imperial Hotel Is Eight Kilometers Away!

#Do You Want Some Apple Pie? #How About A Vanilla Ice-cream Milkshake?

The creative netizens had come up with all sorts of witty tags.

The video became the most popular video on TikTok in no time, with nearly ten million reposts.

Its popularity caused the growth of Mini Pig’s fan base. Before this, she only had five thousand fans, but her fanbase grew exponentially after she had posted the video.

From ten thousand fans to twenty thousand, thirty thousand, forty thousand...

Mini Pig was stunned, and her mind was muddled as she stared at the screen of her phone; her number of fans was going to exceed a million at any moment.

The numbers were still growing exponentially after it hit a million.

Everyone was amused with the entertaining and funny tags.

Suddenly, Mini Pig saw Lucas reposting her video with a tag saying: #My mischievous Mrs. Nolan, you

won't cook for me. Instead, you asked me to go to Imperial Hotel, the restaurant well-known for its difficulty in getting a reservation. Are you planning to starve your husband to death?

Mini Pig was bewildered.

Lucas Nolan reposted my video!

It can't be fake, right?

Or is it an imposter?

[Chapter 236](#)

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Before he left the house this morning, he had googled on how to win back the lover's heart and found a post that suggested he send flowers and gifts.

Without a second thought, he ordered nine hundred and ninety-nine roses, baby's breaths, balloons and ribbons to give her a surprise.

But look at how things turned out?

In the end, that woman embarrassed him right in front of South Star Airlines using the flowers and balloons that he bought.

He was enraged upon seeing what she had done.

The workers and the executives had looked at him with strange expressions on their faces the entire day.

Isn't she happy to receive roses? But it seems like she is mad...

She even dares to retort in my face!

Things had gotten out of hand when someone posted the video on TikTok.

Some parody accounts even posted the video on Twitter.

Perspiration was forming on Spencer's forehead as he stood nervously in the office, looking at the man in his black suit standing by the window.

He could tell that Lucas was furious just by looking at his back figure.

Lucas nearly ground his teeth flat.

He wanted to ask that ignorant woman why did she insult him like that.

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With his face clouded over, he turned around and made his way towards the door.

Spencer was slightly bewildered, but he immediately followed suit.

Lucas entered the elevator in large strides.

Being intimidated by Lucas's domineering aura, Spencer stood at one corner of the elevator to stay further away from him.

He felt sorry for Ms. Berry who had given Mr. Nolan a slap in the face.

Lucas got out of the elevator and strode towards the main entrance.

In an instant, the roses and baby's breaths came into sight.

It was such a lovely sight, except for the ribbons.

Lucas fixed his gaze on the words on the ribbons. He was surprised when he saw the words being written in admirable calligraphy.

The familiar handwriting belonged to Ashlyn!

He had seen her handwriting only twice; the first time was when they registered for their marriage, and the second time was when she signed the divorce papers.

He had long known that she had beautiful and neat handwriting when she wrote with a fountain pen.

However, he had no idea that she was proficient in the art of calligraphy.

Inexplicably, his anger vanished into thin air when he looked at her handwritten messages on the ribbons.

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With his face clouded over, he turned around and made his way towards the door.

Spancar was slightly bewildered, but he immediately followed suit.

Lucas entered the hallway in large strides.

Being intimidated by Lucas's dominating aura, Spancar stood at one corner of the hallway to stay further away from him.

He felt sorry for Ms. Barry who had given Mr. Nolan a slap in the face.

Lucas got out of the hallway and strode towards the main entrance.

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She was taking pictures at South Star Airlines when the incident happened, so she recorded a video of it. She was still confused by the fact that she had shot to fame all of a sudden because of the video.

If it weren't for Mr. and Mrs. Nolen, she would never have become famous.

The parody accounts on Twitter were all sharing the video to attract more followers.

Lucas's TikTok account now had millions of fans.

The incident created a frenzy on the internet; it was a revelry of the netizens.

On the other hand, Imperial Hotel, which was supposed to be in the limelight, had kept a low profile. The Imperial Hotel authority didn't make any response, neither did it retweet the video.

They chose to stay out of this matter as if they had nothing to do with it.

In the State Concert Hall, all the performers had arrived early in the morning.

Instead of hiring professional performers, each department was required to send a few workers every year to perform at the National Day Gala Night to show that they attached great importance to the event.

Each department from different companies had sent their workers; almost all of them were outstanding female workers.

The number of male workers could be counted on one hand; it seemed like they were here to complement the female workers.

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The number of male workers could be counted on one hand; it seemed like they were hard to complain about the female workers.

It was an honor to show their face as a performer in the Gala Night.

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Those who were qualified to appear in the show either came from a wealthy family or had a strong background. Apart from that, some of them were being chosen as performers because they were good-looking.

Undoubtedly, it was more likely to have drama and conflicts in a place where these people gathered around.

Hence, Leke City's National Day Gala Night would end up being mediocre every year and receive lower viewership ratings when compared to Gala Nights from other TV channels.

The producing director and co-producers were all hired from the music academy and the television station. Even though the co-producers were capable at work, they came from ordinary families with no special background.

Throughout the rehearsal, the performers would complain that the duration of the show was too short, their lines were unremarkable, their costumes were too ugly, and etc.

The co-producers were troubled by their grumbles, but they couldn't afford to offend any one of the performers.

As a result, the show would end up being mediocre and receive low viewership ratings.

This year, James wished to restore proper work etiquette to produce a better show.

It was an honor to show their face as a performer in the Gala Night.

Those who were qualified to appear in the show either came from a wealthy family or had a strong background. Apart from that, some of them were being chosen as performers because they were good-looking.

Undoubtedly, it was more likely to have drama and conflicts in a place where these people gathered around.

Hence, Loka City's National Day Gala Night would end up being mediocre every year and receive lower viewership ratings when compared to Gala Nights from other TV channels.

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As a result, the show would end up being mediocre and receive low viewership ratings.

This year, James wished to restore proper work atmosphere to produce a better show.

[Chapter 238](#)

A thought came to his mind when he remembered that his wife had a close relationship with Ashlyn.
A thought came to his mind when he remembered that his wife had a close relationship with Ashlyn.

The performers unanimously turned to look in the direction of the doorway.

A tall and slender figure was walking toward them.

It was a woman in white sportswear and she was wearing a pair of clunky sneakers.

The dim light shone on her like a spotlight, but they couldn't see her features as half of her face was hidden under the baseball cap that she was wearing.

Her silky black hair was tied into a long ponytail, which swayed slightly following the rhythm of her footsteps.

Ashlyn stepped on the stage and raised her head slightly.

At that instant, everyone was dumbfounded by her beauty when they finally saw her face.

She is gorgeous! Unbelievably stunning!

Her facial features were a perfect combination of dazzling eyes, dainty nose and soft pink lips. Although she didn't have any make-up on her face, her skin was flawless.

They were also taken aback by her distinguished and imposing aura.

Those who were in the hall had come across many leaders and superiors in their company. Therefore, they knew that that kind of imposing aura was a trait exclusive to high-ranking leaders.

How is it possible for a young lady like her to have such a strong aura?

Ashlyn remained expressionless as she cast a glance over the disunited group of extras.

She clapped her hands and summoned them, "Gather around."

"Why should we listen to your order?" Jenet muttered.

The performers unanimously turned to look in the direction of the doorway.

A tall and slender figure was walking toward them.

It was a woman in white sportswear and she was wearing a pair of clunky sneakers.

The dim light shone on her like a spotlight, but they couldn't see her features as half of her face was hidden under the baseball cap that she was wearing.

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She clapped her hands and summoned them, "Gather around."

"Why should we listen to your order?" Janet muttered.

The performers unanimously turned to look in the direction of the doorway.

A tall and slender figure was walking toward them.

It was a woman in white sportswear and she was wearing a pair of clunky sneakers.

The dim light shone on her like a spotlight, but they couldn't see her features as half of her face was hidden under the baseball cap that she was wearing.

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She is gorgeous! Unbelievably stunning!

Her facial features were a perfect combination of dazzling eyes, dainty nose and soft pink lips. Although she didn't have any make-up on her face, her skin was flawless.

They were also taken aback by her distinguished and imposing aura.

Those who were in the hall had come across many laadars and superiors in their company. Therefore, they knew that that kind of imposing aura was a trait exclusive to high-ranking laadars.

How is it possible for a young lady like her to have such a strong aura?

Ashlyn remained expressionless as she cast a glance over the disunited group of extras.

She clapped her hands and summoned them, "Gather around."

"Why should we listen to your orders?" Janet muttered.

Janet's grandfather was a colonel. Before he retired, he had secured a post for Janet to work as Mr. Field's clerk.

Janet's grandfather was the colonel. Before he retired, he had secured the post for Janet to work as Mr. Field's clerk.

Some of Mr. Field's aides were once the colonel's students, so they were helpful and caring towards her.

As time went by, Janet started to become full of herself, thinking that she was superior to others.

Lise returned to her senses upon hearing Janet's words. She took a step forward and asked in disbelief, "Ms. Berry, what brings you here?"

Ashlyn raised her brow as she replied, "Ms. Lengley, nice to meet you again."

Without bothering to wait for Lise's reply, she presented her staff ID and introduced herself, "My name is Ashlyn, and this is my staff ID. From today onwards, I will be the producing director of the National Day Gele Night. I look forward to working together with all of you."

Lise came up to Ashlyn and asked skeptically, "Ms. Berry, how come you're our producing director? You're so young... What are you capable of?"

Although she appeared to be showing concern for Ashlyn, everyone knew that she was trying to

embarrass Ashlyn. However, none of them stopped her because what Lise asked was also their concern.

Ashlyn smiled wryly as she looked at Lise. "Ms. Longley, please gether with the other performers. I am here at the personal request of Mr. Field. You can communicate with Mr. Field if you have any opinions, but none of you have a say in whether I should stay or leave."

Jonet's grandfather was a colonel. Before he retired, he had secured a post for Jonet to work as Mr. Field's clerk.

Some of Mr. Field's aides were once the colonel's students, so they were helpful and caring towards her.

As time went by, Jonet started to become full of herself, thinking that she was superior to others.

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Janet's grandfather was a colonel. Before he retired, he had secured a post for Janet to work as Mr. Field's clerk.

Some of Mr. Field's aides were once the colonel's students, so they were helpful and caring towards her.

As time went by, Janet started to become full of herself, thinking that she was superior to others.

Lise returned to her senses upon hearing Janet's words. She took a step forward and asked in disbelief,

“Ms. Barry, what brings you here?”

Ashlyn raised her brow as she replied, “Ms. Langley, nice to meet you again.”

Without bothering to wait for Lisa’s reply, she presented her staff ID and introduced herself, “My name is Ashlyn, and this is my staff ID. From today onwards, I will be the producing director of the National Day Gala Night. I look forward to working together with all of you.”

Lisa came up to Ashlyn and asked skeptically, “Ms. Barry, how come you are our producing director? You’re so young... What are you capable of?”

Although she appeared to be showing concern for Ashlyn, everyone knew that she was trying to embarrass Ashlyn. However, none of them stopped her because what Lisa asked was also their concern.

Ashlyn smiled wryly as she looked at Lisa. “Ms. Langley, please gather with the other performers. I am here at the personal request of Mr. Field. You can communicate with Mr. Field if you have any opinions, but none of you have a say in whether I should stay or leave.”

[Chapter 239](#)

“You will all soon witness my abilities,” she said with a stern glance.

“You will all soon witness my abilities,” she said with a stern glance.

What is happening?

Someone gasped in shock as soon as they saw the logo printed on the certificate boxes.

Isn’t that the famous international brand that specializes in dance shoes?

Why are there so many?

Lise was so surprised that her eyes bulged in astonishment.

Is Ashlyn really that incredible? What’s with all these shoes?

Jenet was also surprised.

A few extras who were active on Twitter recognized Ashlyn.

Isn’t she Jered’s girlfriend?

Why is Jered being so generous to her?

I guess having the rich guy as the boyfriend is pretty sweet.

“A performer is like a soldier going to the battlefield. A soldier requires a good set of guns to win the war.

Therefore, these dance shoes are for everyone," Ashlyn said plainly.

The men who wheeled the carts began to distribute the shoes to everyone as soon as she said so.

Everyone was dumbfounded when they held the box in their hands.

Many of them were skeptical while others were astounded.

These shoes cost around 20 grand per pair!

Everyone opened their respective boxes and saw identical pairs of black dance shoes in various sizes. They were rendered speechless at the sight of the dance shoes.

"These are not fake, are they?" Janet asked cynically.

"Feel free to inspect it yourself," Ashlyn responded coldly.

Someone in the crowd said softly, "It's authentic, it really is."
What is happening?

Someone gasped in shock as soon as they saw the logo printed on the cart and boxes.

Isn't that a famous international brand that specializes in dance shoes?

Why are there so many?

Lisa was so surprised that her eyes bulged in astonishment.

Is Ashlyn really that incredible? What's with all these shoes?

Janet was also surprised.

A few extras who were active on Twitter recognized Ashlyn.

Isn't she Jared's girlfriend?

Why is Jared being so generous to her?

I guess having a rich guy as a boyfriend is pretty sweet.

"A performer is like a soldier going to a battlefield. A soldier requires a good set of guns to win the war. Therefore, these dance shoes are for everyone," Ashlyn said plainly.

The men who wheeled the carts began to distribute the shoes to everyone as soon as she said so.

Everyone was dumbfounded when they held the box in their hands.

Many of them were skeptical while others were astounded.

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"These are not fake, are they?" Janet asked cynically.

"Feel free to inspect it yourself," Ashlyn responded coldly.

Someone in the crowd said softly, "It's authentic, it really is."
What is happening?

Sabrina gasped in shock as soon as they saw the logo printed on the carts and boxes.

Isn't that a famous international brand that specializes in dance shoes?

Why are there so many?

Lisa was so surprised that her eyes bulged in astonishment.

Is Ashlyn really that incredible? What's with all these shoes?

Janet was also surprised.

A few extras who were active on Twitter recognized Ashlyn.

Isn't she Jarad's girlfriend?

Why is Jarad being so generous to her?

I guess having a rich guy as a boyfriend is pretty sweet.

"A performer is like a soldier going to a battlefield. A soldier requires a good set of guns to win the war. Therefore, these dance shoes are for everyone," Ashlyn said plainly.

The man who wheeled the carts began to distribute the shoes to everyone as soon as she said so.

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Somewhere in the crowd said softly, "It's authentic, it really is."

Everyone, including Lisa and the co-producers, were in shock.

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It must have cost a lot of money!

There were at least a hundred extras in the Concert Hall.

Yet everyone received a pair of shoes that cost 20 grand!

Even Janet, who had a noble background, could not have pulled this off.

Everyone was in utter shock.

Everyone belonged to different departments, so their wages varied. No one expected Ashlyn to gift them such expensive gifts.

"I hope everyone will cooperate with me," Ashlyn said impressively. "Learn your dance well and work hard to put on a good performance."

Janet thought to herself, She's just living off the Smith family's money. How dare she act all high end mighty!

At this moment, the workers opened up the last box. Ashlyn pointed at different spots around the room as she instructed, "Install the equipment properly. Put that here, and that goes there."

Everyone was confused as they looked at Ashlyn questioningly.

The crowd widened their eyes in surprise when they saw the advanced equipment installed around the studio.

A single set of that high-tech equipment would cost millions!

The exterior of the equipment and its brand logo promised that it would not disappoint. The equipment must possess advanced features that could produce rich sound quality!

Everyone, including Lisa and the co-producers, were in shock.

It must have cost a lot of money!

There were at least a hundred extras in the Concert Hall.

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Everyone, including Lisa and the co-producers, were in shock.

It must have cost a lot of money!

Thara wara at laast a hundrad axtras in tha Concart Hall.

Yat avaryona racaivad a pair of shoas that cost 20 grand!

Evan Janat, who had a nobla background, could not hava pullad this off.

Evaryona was in uttar shock.

Evaryona balongad to diffarant dapartments, so thair wagas variad. No ona axpectad Ashlyn to gift tham such axpansiva gifts.

“I hopa avaryona will cooperata with ma,” Ashlyn said impassivaly. “Laarn your danca wall and work hard to put on a good performanca.”

Janat thought to harsalf, Sha’s just living off tha Smith family’s monay. How dara sha act all high and mighty!

At this momant, tha workars opanad up tha last box. Ashlyn pointad at diffarant spots around tha room as sha instructad, “Install tha aequipmant properly. Put that hara, and that goas thara.”

Evaryona was confusad as thay lookad at Ashlyn quastioningly.

Tha crowd widanad thair ayas in surprisa whan thay saw tha advancad aequipmant installad around tha studio.

A singla sat of that high-tach aequipmant would cost millions!

Tha axtarior of tha aequipmant and its brand logo promisad that it would not disappoint. Tha aequipmant must possass advancad faaturas that could produca rich sound quality!

[Chapter 240](#)

This equipment was produced by the best company in the industry!

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Moments efter she hung up the phone, e tell blonde men followed by e teem stepped into the Concert Hell.

Everyone wes stunned when they sew the epeerence of the men cleerly.

One of the co-producers widened his eyes in surprise es he rushed over to the men end gushed, “Mr. Pierre, is thet you?”

The co-producer’s excited behavior sent the crowd into confusion. Then, it hit them end the crowd went

wild.

“Is that really the world-class choreographer - Mr. Pierre?”

“Are you sure? Is that really him?”

“Oh my! I think I might faint.”

“How is possible to meet Mr. Pierre here?”

Jenet inhaled sharply as she stared at Mr. Pierre in disbelief. She had attended vocal and dance classes since she was a kid. Hence, it was no surprise that she recognized world-class choreographers.

Mr. Pierre was a world-class choreographer who was skilled in many different dance styles. Not only had he won numerous awards, but many celebrities in showbiz would also appoint him as their choreographer.

How does Ashlyn have connections with someone so prominent?

Jenet thought to herself, was there something going on between her and Mr. Pierre?

Mr. Pierre's appearance had caused many jaws to drop.

Even the three co-producers were asking for photos and signatures as they gazed at him with admiration.

Only Ashlyn remained nonchalant.

Moments after she hung up the phone, a tall blonde man followed by a team stepped into the Concert Hall.

Everyone was stunned when they saw the appearance of the man clearly.

One of the co-producers widened his eyes in surprise as he rushed over to the man and gushed, “Mr. Pierre, is that you?”

The co-producer's excited behavior sent the crowd into confusion. Then, it hit them and the crowd went wild.

“Is that really the world-class choreographer - Mr. Pierre?”

“Are you sure? Is that really him?”

“Oh my! I think I might faint.”

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Moments after she hung up the phone, a tall blonde man followed by a team straggled into the Concert Hall.

Everyone was stunned when they saw the appearance of the man clearly.

One of the co-producers widened his eyes in surprise as he rushed over to the man and gushed, “Mr. Pierra, is that you?”

The co-producer’s excited behavior sent the crowd into confusion. Then, it hit them and the crowd went wild.

“Is that really the world-class choreographer - Mr. Pierra?”

“Are you sure? Is that really him?”

“Oh my! I think I might faint.”

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Lisa walked over to Ashlyn and asked skeptically, "Ms. Berry, how did you invite such a big shot?"

Lise walked over to Ashlyn and asked skeptically, "Ms. Berry, how did you invite such a big shot?"

"Well, he enjoys the food from Imperial Hotel," Ashlyn answered plainly.

"If so, he could just reserve a table!" Lise countered, looking puzzled.

Ashlyn's gaze remained steady and emotionless. "The Imperial Hotel offered him an exclusive seat."

Lise could not wrap her head around the entire situation.

The Imperial Hotel offered him an exclusive seat which requires no reservation... So what does that have to do with Ashlyn? And what does it have to do with Mr. Pierre taking part in this production?

"Why don't I understand what's going on?"

"Well, you don't have to," Ashlyn said as she expressionlessly scanned the room.

She would never tell Lise that she had specially approved Mr. Pierre's exclusive seat and included a 30% VIP discount card.

The Imperial Hotel was expensive. Hence, a 30% discount would save him a lot of money.

Mr. Pierre was overjoyed.

However, puzzlement plagued him. He could not understand why a talented dancer like Ashlyn would choose to start up a restaurant.

Nevertheless, since Ashlyn had made the request, he could not turn her down.

Ashlyn looked at the excited crowd and said, "From today onwards, Mr. Pierre will be in charge of all dance performance projects. Similarly, the three remaining co-producers will be responsible for the song performances and sketches."

Lisa walked over to Ashlyn and asked skeptically, "Ms. Berry, how did you invite such a big shot?"

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"If so, ha could just rasarva a tabla!" Lisa countarad, looking puzzlad.

Ashlyn's gaza remainad staady and amotionlass. "Tha Imparial Hotal offerad him an axclusiva saat."

Lisa could not wrap har haad around tha antira situation.

Tha Imparial Hotal offerad him an axclusiva saat which raquiras no rasarvation... So what doas that hava to do with Ashlyn? And what doas it hava to do with Mr. Piarra taking part in this production?

"Why don't I undarstand what's going on?"

"Wall, you don't hava to," Ashlyn said as sha axprassionlassly scannad tha room.

Sha would navar tall Lisa that sha had spacially approvad Mr. Piarra's axclusiva saat and incluidad a 30% VIP discount card.

Tha Imparial Hotal was axpansiva. Hanca, a 30% discount would sava him a lot of monay.

Mr. Piarra was ovarjoyad.

Howavar, puzzlamant plaguad him. Ha could not undarstand why a talantad dancar lika Ashlyn would choosa to start up a rastaurant.

Navarthalass, sinca Ashlyn had mada tha raquast, ha could not turn har down.

Ashlyn lookad at tha axcitad crowd and said, "From today onwards, Mr. Piarra will ba in charga of all danca performanca projects. Similarly, tha thraa remaining co-producars will ba rasponsibla for tha song performancas and skatchas."